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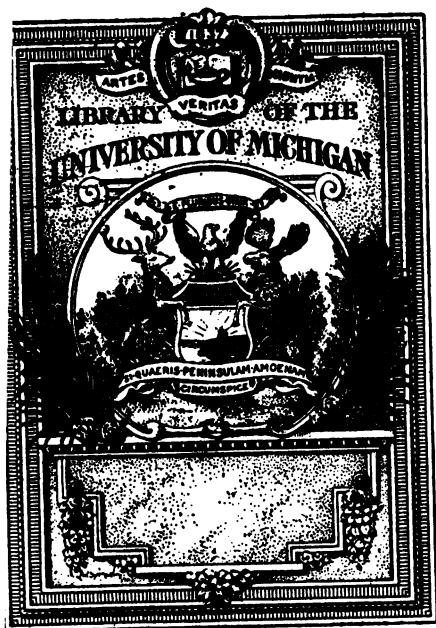
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# THE VOYAGER

OR

## The Islands of Life



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JOSEPH WARE



## MYTHOLOGY.

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TO the ancients the earth was flat; around it flowed the great ocean stream. Near to the sunset were the Hesperides Islands, where the golden apples were guarded, such as Ge gave to Zeus and Hera as a wedding gift. Here, according to the earliest mythology, were the Elysian fields. The conceit of the poem is the voyage of a life to these blessed islands.

The first islands to break the monotony of the ocean were those of the Sirens (Sinful pleasures). Three beautiful sea-nymphs sing with irresistible sweetness to lure the Voyager to their shores that they may devour him. Binding himself by a strong will he escapes, only to come upon the Ekailone Islands (Weeping.) Sailing away from here he carelessly drifts upon the Lotus Island (Intemperance). Warned of the goddess Circe he leaves this land of dreams. The goddess also enables him to escape the dangerous straits of Scylla and Charbydis (Passion and Greed.) Although rejoicing in a hymn of thanksgiving, adverse winds drive him upon the Aeolian Islands (Inconstancy). While listening to the weird strains of Aeolus' harp the storm winds break from their mountain prison. Again escaping, he passes through the straits of Hercules (Death) into the wide ocean (Eternity), and is wafted by the Oceanides to the longed-for Elysium.

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# THE VOYAGER.

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## HESPERIDES.

FIDELI.

Beyond the restless ocean lie,  
Far spreading in the sunset seas,  
Under the golden glowing sky,  
The always-green Hesperides.

In evening calm their peaceful shores  
Lie far beyond the stormy gales,  
Beyond the toil of weary oars,  
Beyond the need of weathered sails.

That peaceful sea loveth her isles,  
Lingers upon their golden sands,  
And with a sparkling glory smiles  
Around these verdant summer lands.

Golden-haired Phoebus lingers here,  
Unwilling ends his shining way,  
Ere blushing Horae waiting near  
Reclose the portals of the day.

These portals gold and crimson close  
Against the occident's extreme;  
For just beyond them ever flows  
The dark and silent ocean stream.

In these far gardens of the wave  
Love's golden apples grew for aye,  
Which Ge to Zeus and Hera gave  
On their immortal wedding day.

This golden fruit of godlike love  
Is guarded from profaning hands,  
A dragon keeps the treasure trove  
For those who gain these blessed lands.

They on these azure plains may find  
The fair Elysian fields they seek;  
There noble souls of greatest mind  
Shall with exalted wisdom speak.

Here love shall meet and never part,  
 May trust without a jealous fear;  
 Love's tender pleasures fill the heart,  
 The light-winged moments smile with cheer.

And here they sleep on flowery beds,  
 In unawaking dreams of bliss,  
 Love's flowery chaplets wreath their heads,  
 Where \*myrtle and green †ivy kiss.

Isles of the blest! Isles of the blest!  
 Beyond the weary stretching seas,  
 The brightest zone of love and rest,  
 The ever-bright Hesperides!

With joyful oar and canvas white  
 I start across the wide, wide sea;  
 My sails outswell with life's delight,  
 Hope's favoring gale blows fresh on me.

The sails are spread as eager wings,  
 I lay my strength upon the oars,  
 My longing heart with rapture springs  
 To reach these bright Elysian shores.

### THE ISLANDS OF THE SIRENS.

The voiceless sky is over head,  
 The monotonous waves around me spread.  
 I catch a soft breeze!  
 It has flown from a land of verdure somewhere,  
 And the meadow, orchard, and wood are there,  
 For it whispers of these.

An island appears in the dreamy waves!  
 So pleasant the shores the wide ocean laves,  
 I long to be there.  
 Green are its hills and its mountains blue,  
 It has fresh water streams and meadows of dew  
 And flowers so fair.

And O, what beautiful strains are these  
 That float to my ear on the tender breeze —  
 Sweetest harmony.  
 Three maiden voices tuned to the lyre  
 As the fingers touch the bright golden wire.  
 Are calling to me.

---

\* Sacred to Venus.

† Immortality.



The siren voices of pleasure call,  
And the waves of ocean rise and fall  
    In monotony.  
And love and wealth and honor and fame  
And youthful delights of every name  
    Are calling to me.

## FIRST SIREN SONG.

Mariner! Mariner! reef thy sail,  
    Lay down thy weary oars,  
Come rest thee on our sun bright shores.  
Thy life is a weary oft-told **tale**,  
    Thou canst only pass one way.  
Elysium is O so far away,  
And thy slender bark is so frail, so frail.

Poseidon, the dreadful earth-shaking god,  
    Often wars with the god of heaven;  
The affrighted waves on the rocks are driven,  
In the face of heaven he dashes the flood,  
    His hoary locks on the gale,  
And then the stoutest heart shall quail,  
And thy slender bark is so frail, so frail.

Thy craft shall go down in the ocean waves,  
    And thou shalt forgotten be—  
The waters have no memory.  
Thy bones shall bleach in the deep sea caves,  
    Companion of newt and snail.  
In our quiet harbor furl thy sail;  
For thy slender bark is so frail, so frail.

The pitiless waves are all around,  
    Above is the heartless sky,  
And full are they of uncertainty,  
Thou knowest nothing of what is beyond.  
    Then what will thy struggles avail?  
O Mariner! Mariner! *furl thy sail*,  
For thy slender bark is so frail, so frail.

## SECOND SIREN SONG.

We will give to thee kisses,  
We will teach thee what bliss is,  
There is nothing on earth that is sweeter than love.  
We will give thee caresses,  
In our soft golden tresses,  
There is nothing is sweeter in heaven above.

E'en the gods love the fairest,  
 And to them are they dearest,  
 Even Zeus the mightiest loveth the fair.  
 And Phoebus the brightest  
 In loving delightest.  
 Though mortal, with thee our sweet pleasures we share.

Here are sylvan green bowers,  
 And the loveliest flowers,  
 In the meadows the sweet-scented violet grows,  
 Sweet pinks and white lilies,  
 And the soft Amarylis,  
 And the queen of the garden, the full-bosomed rose.

The fruit that thou eatest  
 Will be always the sweetest,  
 Of bush, or of tree, or of plant, or of vine,  
 The apple, or cherry,  
 The melon, or berry,  
 Or the clusters of purple that hold the sweet wine.

We promise thee treasure,  
 We promise thee pleasure.  
 Be happy each moment or life is in vain.  
 We promise thee beauty,  
 Love is better than duty,  
 The present to live than the future to gain.

O come, we invite thee,  
 In pleasures delight thee.  
 In music and mirth and dancing and wine.  
 O come in life's morning,  
 Give heed to love's warning.  
 Come Mariner, come to our bosoms divine.

### WISE MARINER.

Around thine isles fair ships abide,  
 Lie rotting on the listless tide.  
 They came in them who never went away,  
 Strewn on thy hills their bones are bleaching grey.

O siren-voiced and mermaid-sweet,  
 Under thee are thy taloned feet.  
 Thy sinful follies seeming fair to-day,  
 To-morrow are like cruel birds of prey.

Thy music ravishes my heart,  
 And though so very fair thou art,  
 Who seeks for pleasure finds she is not there,  
 But whom she seeks will find her anywhere.

Aeolus binds the stormy wind  
For those who bear a constant mind,  
And sends the favoring breeze to waft him on,  
Who cares alone for honest duty done.

Once more the waves break on my prow  
Thy siren voices are fainter now —  
Thy charms I could not pass until  
My heart was bound with knotted cords of will.

And while the sailor joyous smiles,  
In dreams of the distant Golden Isles,  
He seeth not the sunken islands dread,  
That gloom the misty ocean just ahead.

### EKAILONE ISLANDS (*Weeping*).

These desert islands lie  
Low down in the murky sky,  
The sea mists cover the desolate land  
Of sodden fen and of barren sand,  
And hang like a pall,  
And the rain drops fall  
As hopeless tears on the face of the dead.

The darkness is full of cries,  
Of wailings and groans and sighs,  
And the shivering breezes wearily moan,  
And heavy the surging breakers groan  
And the dark birds fly  
With a croaking cry,  
And there's mourning as those that mourn for the dead.

And they that wander here  
Are like ghosts of the haunted mere,  
Their heads are bowed in mute despair,  
Or lifted to heaven in piteous prayer.  
Their shadows loom  
In the ghastly gloom,  
As the moon blood-red is shrouded in mist.

O tarry not here, sad heart,  
Out of this gloom depart.  
Beyond these clouds the sky is clear  
The star of hope shall then appear,  
The waves shall be bright  
In the clear moonlight,  
Heaven's breezes again shall waft thee on.

LOTUS ISLAND (*Intemperance*).

The peaceful stars above, their silent vigils keep,  
The tropic sea is calm, the sailor half asleep,

Weary of toil and strife, he would no longer roam,  
He dreams of rest and peace and longs to be at home.

Sees the familiar face and hears the well-known voice;  
He grasps the friendly hand, it makes his heart rejoice.

But while he idly dreams, forgetful of the way,  
Strange breezes catch the sail and carry him astray.

Still half awake he sees an island rise to sight,  
The fairest summer land lies in the dreamy light.

Its valleys and its hills spread inward to his view,  
Its distant mountains dream within their fields of blue

O Mariner, stay not, this is the isle of dreams,  
And life is all unreal and pleasure only seems.

Here the Lotophagi eat of the Lotus flowers,  
And lie in blissful dreams through all the golden hours.

Strange music in his ear a distant rapture sings,  
As though the bliss of heaven was borne on angel wings.

The earth has mines of gold, has jewels rich and rare,  
The dreamer has its wealth without its carking care.

And heavy rests the crown upon the kingly head;  
The dreamer wears the crown without the trembling  
dread.

He climbs Olympus Hights, sits in the blissful seats,  
And quaffs the nectar cup, divine ambrosia eats.

And Zeus' live thunderbolts his own right arm doth  
throw;  
He sees the sudden gleam, and hears the crash below,

Sees the uplifted hand, the upturned pallid face,  
And feels the thrill of power, and scorns the human race.

On him fair Juno smiles, the goddess sweetly speaks,  
He dallies with the Horae, kisses Venus' cheeks.

But these are only dreams, to dream is but to wake;  
And then these dreams of joy will greater sadness make.

Who eats the poison flower, shall feel the drunkard's  
 shame,  
 Shall lose the golden isles, and use and name and fame.

O hasten, Mariner, leave these delusive shores.  
 The breeze has left thy sails, bend to thy trusty oars.

### SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Hark! Hark!  
 Mariner, Hark!  
 The dark ocean moans,  
 The sea dogs bark,  
 The dreadful sea monster roars and groans.  
 Hark! Hark!  
 Mariner, Hark!

See! See!  
 Mariner, See!  
 Low Charybdis draws  
 The dreadful sea  
 In his monster, open, cavernous jaws.  
 See! See!  
 Mariner, See!

Wake! Wake!  
 Mariner, Wake!  
 It is outward thrown,  
 From his nostrils break  
 The white mists in the heavens blown.  
 Wake! Wake!  
 Mariner, Wake!

Fly! Fly!  
 Mariner Fly!  
 Awful Scylla waits,  
 With a watchful eye,  
 On the hither side of the dangerous straits.  
 Fly! Fly!  
 Mariner Fly!

### CIRCLE (Abused Good).

O much-praised one, come near,  
 My words attend.  
 Let not thy limbs relax with fear,  
 Thee will the gods defend,

Though on the sunken shore  
 Charybdis sleeps,  
 And frantic sea with deafening roar  
 Into his wide throat leaps.

Avoid the monster's greed,  
 Nor care abate.  
 Unto the pressing waves give heed  
 Ere it shall be too late.

Yet shun dread Scylla's fogs,  
 Fierce appetite.  
 Her many barking heads of dogs  
 Will snatch with ravenous bite.

Hold to the middle way,  
 The channel deep,  
 To the immortal guardians pray,  
 They will from dangers keep.

### HYMN (Of Deliverance).

Wise daughter of the ocean and the sun,  
 To thee we pour the fragrant wine;  
 For thou didst warn the dangerous rocks to shun.  
 We pour the red blood of the vine.  
 If thou wilt hear,  
 We will not fear.  
 Daughter of Helios divine,  
 To thee, to thee, we pour the sweet red wine.  
 They that unwisely love thee thou dost lure,  
 And into groveling beasts enchant.  
 The brave and strong and wise thine aid procure.  
 Daughter of Helios, O grant,  
 All dangers past,  
 To reach at last  
 Our longed-for island home,  
 Where we the dangerous sea no more shall roam.

### AEOLUS ISLANDS (Inconstancy).

#### THE BREEZES.

The sailor on the seas  
 Hears a weird and distant wail,  
 As of a wind-swept harp  
 That swells upon the gale,  
 In anguish piercing sharp,  
 Or dying on the breeze.

### THE AEOLIAN HARP.

Spirits of earth and air,  
 Passing on restless wings,  
 In rapture or despair  
 Or passion sweep the strings;

Sighing faintly,  
 Sadly wailing,  
 Louder swelling,  
 Singing saintly,  
 Joyous hailing,  
 Slowly kneeling,  
     As when,  
 They touch the lives of men.

Pain is the bar of life,  
 Sorrow the spring of joy,  
 Peace is the end of strife,  
 And love will hate destroy.  
 I catch thine every mood,  
 For out of ill is good.

Sorrow will pass  
 And joy, alas.  
 I catch again  
 A sweet refrain.  
 As fickle breeze  
 Are such as these.

We weep in our cheers,  
 We laugh in our tears,  
 Are brave in our fears,  
 In praise or in blame,  
 Who cares for a name,  
     As then,  
 They touch the lives of men.

I hear or night or day  
 Thy sad inconstant song.  
 Plaintive it is or gay,  
 And yet is nothing long.  
 O, now the strong wind sweeps,  
 The heart with passion leaps,  
 The trumpet calls to arms  
 With din and fierce alarms—  
 The victors shout and cry,  
 The vanquished wail and die,  
     Ah then,  
 They sweep the lives of men.

At last the strong wind dies,  
 The tender breezes blow  
 Soft as are maiden sighs.  
 Spirits of love I know  
     Sing to my heart—  
     Love too must part.

I hear an angel song,  
 My dream will not be long,  
 O now, triumphal strains  
 Float from bright ether plains,  
                   As when  
 Love fills the lives of men.

Swell! Swell! O anthem deep,  
 While heaven's chorus rings;  
 Immortal hands now sweep  
 The loud resounding strings.  
 The choral shouts resound  
 With thundering bass profound.  
           I hear the golden wires,  
           The noise of heaven's choirs,  
           My soul is caught away  
           Into that endless day.  
           On the wide wings of song  
           The raptured sounds prolong.  
           O then  
 These touch the better lives of men.

### STORM WINDS.

Though he escapes the dangerous straits,  
           Another danger waits;  
           Great mountains bare and bleak  
           Rise from the sea.  
           Unceasingly  
 The waves against the rocky barriers break.  
 Imprisoned in these rocky caves  
           The fierce wind roars and raves,  
           And rends the mountain sides,  
           And sweeps the plain,  
           Maddens the main.  
 Aeolus in his wild storm-chariot rides.  
 Upon its black resounding wings  
           The tempest sweeps and swings,  
           The deluge swift descends,  
           The lightnings flash,  
           And thunders crash,  
 And ocean mingled with the heaven contends.  
 Wave after wave with deaf'ning roar  
           Assaults the rocky shore;  
           The strife resounds afar.  
           Tempest and night,  
           Discord and fright,  
 Around the stormy islands fiercely war.



O struggling Sailor, tempest tossed,  
Thou wilt be surely lost.  
The threatening tempest roars,  
Steer far away,  
No sheltering bay  
Is on these rocky islands barren shores.

### PILLARS OF HERCULES (Death).

Escaped once more — a roar sounds far away,  
Two lofty mountains frown upon the darkened wave.  
He sees they guard a somber passage way,  
And shrinks as from the terrors of the grave.

O trembling one, there is no other way,  
For the happy golden isles are beyond these gloomy  
straits.  
And every one goes through the chilly spray,  
Yes, every one goes through these dreadful gates.

Under thick mists and darkest pall of night,  
Floweth the swift black stream, the unknown stream of  
death.  
The surging waves thy fainting ears affright,  
And poisonous vapors catch thy faltering breath.

The sea is passed, thou mayest not abide.  
Prepare thyself to pass out through this dreaded way.  
Lay down thy useless oars, trust to the tide;  
There's nothing now for thee to do but pray.

Pray to the mighty god who rules the sea,  
And the earth-shaking one himself will take the helm.  
Then close thine eyes, there's nothing else for thee,  
For whom he guides no wave can overwhelm.

### OCEANIDES (Eternal Spirits).

Thou art come to the wide-flowing ocean,  
The boundless eternity.  
With the breath of our lips we will waft thee  
Over the wide-waving sea,  
Over the sea  
Of eternity.  
We will waft thee over the wide-waving sea.

Thou hast come by the islands in safety,  
Escaped the dangerous shore,  
And have braved the wild storms and the dangers,  
Thy toils and temptations are o'er,

Temptations are o'er,  
    And the dangerous shore.  
Thy toils and temptations and dangers are o'er.  
Keep the path of the golden-haired Phoebus,  
    The way that he lights on the seas;  
For it leads to the isles of the blessed,  
    To the golden Hesperides.  
        Hesperides  
        In the golden seas,  
It leads to the isles of Hesperides.  
As the clouds in the sunset glowing  
    Float in the ambient air,  
These islands lie in the waters  
    So beautiful, bright and fair.  
        So bright and fair  
        In an ambient air,  
These islands so beautiful, bright and fair.  
On these shores the immortals are waiting  
    The glimpse of thy sail to greet.  
With their outstretched hands they are longing  
    Their home-coming loved one to meet.  
        Their loved one to meet.  
        Thy sail to greet,  
They are longing their home-coming loved one to meet.  
There Love's golden apples are ripening  
    So golden and luscious and sweet,  
And the blessed walk through the orchards  
    Of Love's golden apples to eat.  
        Golden apples to eat.  
        So luscious and sweet,  
Through the orchards, of Love's golden apples to eat.  
The Islands! The Islands! The evergreen islands!  
    See them under the sunset sky.  
Blow, blow, ye favoring breezes.  
    O sailor, the end is nigh.  
        The end is nigh  
        In the sunset sky  
See them, O sailor, the end is nigh.  
Through the golden straits we are wafting  
    Into the golden seas;  
All the wide expanse is one harbor;  
    Soft blows the favoring breeze,  
        The favoring breeze  
        On the golden seas,  
The safe eternal harbor are these.

**HESPERIDES.****FELICITAS.**

The weathered prow strikes on the golden shore,  
 The eager feet press up the golden sands,  
 The voyager with raptured greeting stands,  
 Where sorrow, toil and danger; are no more.

In loved embrace they walk through shadowed vales,  
 Beside the clear Narcissus bordered streams.  
 The cool, deep water with the sunset gleams,  
 Or shallow, ripples over flecking shales.

The paths lead on through dewy meadows green,  
 Where Amaranth and Moly ever bloom,  
 And Sweet Elyssum spreads a rich perfume;  
 There flowers of every form and hue are seen.

In hallowed peace he in the shadowy eve  
 Reclines on pure white beds of Asphodel.  
 His brow enwreathed with sacred Immortel,  
 That fragrant unthorned roses interweave.

Fair nymphs in lily cups dip waters bright  
 From springing font of immortality,  
 Or pluck the golden apples of love's tree—  
 Their nectared flavor would the gods delight.

His radiant brow the blushing Horae kiss,  
 He breathes the holy atmosphere of love,  
 And eats of the ambrosial fruit of Jove  
 Drinks to the full of LOVE'S ELYSIAN BLISS.

**THE DIVINE MAN.****A NEW EPIC.**

Do not discredit yourself by saying that you are not an admirer of true poetry. It is not true unless it is the expression of the highest in our natures. The epic is the noblest form in which our thoughts can clothe themselves. Appreciation of it is the unfailing measure of our own greatness. This extreme exaltation has made contemporaries sceptical of any author who has ever attempted to produce a worthy poem of this kind. The flavor of antiquity seems to be a necessary condition of honor. Jesus, the epic character of all time, required centuries for his appreciation. "The Divine Man" by Joseph Ware, deals with the most exalted themes. That their poetical treatment is worthy is witnessed by many of our most

advanced thinkers. The New Church Review says, "It deserves to rank among the masterpieces of epic poetry." And yet its immediate appreciation may be limited to those noble souls who have the Epic character developed in them. Others may be led by these until they also be lifted up. The sublime theme of this poem is all creating, all conquering, all governing LOVE. By this all things are and were created. What we call natural law, gravity, etc., is but the undeviating action of this omnipotent force. Life is also begotten of this Divine Spirit. Jesus says, "I am the life," meaning literally and truly the life. If so, then is he the only begotten of INFINITE LOVE. Try to grasp this in its full meaning, think of the feeble influence in the first tiny cell, follow it through its un-numbered combining creations, vegetable and animal, until time is absorbed in eternity, and you will catch a glimpse of the divine dignity of this conception. Look anywhere around or within you and see that growth is His unvarying manner of creating—theistic evolution. It is absolutely unthinkable that Omnipotence is not following perfectly the lines of His purposes, or that He can permit anything to defeat the accomplishment of the greatest good to all. Thus in His very character we have an unshaken foundation for UNIVERSAL PROGRESSION. What we think to be evil is only incompleteness. Short-sighted man, withhold your premature judgment until the work is completed.—The humanity of Jesus entered into this kingdom of perfect love and thus opened the way for the race. Then why was he rejected and crucified? Because a perfect life could not be lived in that environment, no more that man could live in the reptile age. Christ was not a suicide. He simply lived a perfect life and serenely met the consequences. His glory is his complete devotion to the inspiration of the DIVINE LOVE. For this was he TRANSFIGURED, baptized with eternal light upon the mountain top before an assembled universe. Glory supreme! Glory ineffable! Glory in excelsis Dei!

Reader, would you hear this sublimest story, not in *dry didactic teaching*, but with *the life and vividness of action*? Read "THE DIVINE MAN." That it will strengthen and exalt your character and raise and enlarge your views of life we verily believe.

Your local bookseller can get the book for you by remitting price, less 25 per cent, to be paid on receipt of book. Seal, \$2.00. White and gold, \$1.75. Cloth, \$1.50.

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## SELECTIONS FROM "THE DIVINE MAN."

The truth is this, there are no walls of heaven,  
But our capacities; no gates, but faith; ;  
No locks or bars, but will; no key, but love.

\* \* \*

The sun is glorious in giving light,  
Giving without restraint, and not one ray  
Is lost, but meets response sometime, somewhere,  
In God's great universe.

\* \* \*

Now was there heard  
The distant rumbling of a mountain storm.  
I looked, the sky was suddenly o'ercast —  
Mountains are not below but in the clouds —  
The awful Spirit of the tempest drives  
The furious blasts, with streaming lightning lashed,  
O'er riven craig, across the blasted peaks;  
Beneath his wheels the flying rifts are whirled;  
With rolling thunder shakes the mountain firm.

\* \* \*

Did he but shout,  
The startled earth would wander in her course.

\* \* \*

One stroke of his archangel sword would cleave  
The earth, its mountains, and its depths of rocks.

\* \* \*

Go place your puny hand  
Upon the ocean, soothe its troubled waves;  
Or grasp the lightning of the thunder, and  
Rebuke the hurricane; go bid the sun  
Sleep in his ocean bed, forgetful of  
The waking dawn; expect thou not to stay  
The kingdom's sure increase.

\* \* \*

Uncover every mine,  
Gather the precious jewels everywhere,  
Gain all the treasures of the sea and land,  
Call every house or foot of land thine own;  
One moment of this heaven is worth them all.  
There is no outcome worthy of a life.  
But heaven.

\* \* \*

Pagan idolatry is overcome;  
The humble man of Nazareth, despised,  
Rejected, crucified, from Jupiter  
Wrenches the golden sceptre of the heavens,  
And all the gods and goddesses dethrones.

His virgin mother sits in Juno's seat.  
 Neither cloudcapped Olympus, thundering,  
 Longer remains the heaven of the gods.  
 Old Neptune from his pearl-lined car is hurled.  
 No more his trident rules the watery depths.  
 From Pluto, grim, inexorable, the keys  
 Are wrested by the enemy of death.  
 Nor dreaded Cerberus affrighting barks,  
 Guarding the awful gates of hell; Jesus  
 With torch of love illumines its horrid shades.

### THE DIVINE MAN.

#### EXPRESSIONS.

DR. A. W. WAGNALLS, New York —

"Here truly is an Epic in which is an embodiment of the advanced intellectual and religious thought of today."

DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, Columbus, Ohio —

"I have not yet had time to do more than dip into your book; but the introduction and the opening chapters show me that it is a serious attempt to deal in a large way with the great questions of life. The general point of view is one with which I find myself in sympathy; and on the pages which I have read I have found many lines of strength and beauty."

DR. D. A. HAYES, Garret Biblical Institute —

The Divine Man is a new Epic. It has a worthy theme and it is developed in a most original manner. The theology is that of the twentieth century and it will do well in replacing many of the cruder notions of the former day. The book is readable, remarkable, original, suggestive. It is the product of independent thought and sincere devotion to the highest conception of truth. We trust it will have a wide hearing and that it will be a blessing wherever it goes.

JUDGE LEWIS SCEVA, Mechanicsburg, Ohio —

More sublime than Milton, as musical as Tennyson.

DR. LEWIS BUCKWALTER, Pres. Otterbein Univ. —

The Divine Man is an epic of unusual merit. The author has carried out his brilliant conception with poetic ability corresponding in vigor and clearness to the sweep and dignity of the theme. The book grows with its study.

PROF. WILBERT FERGUSON, Illinois Wesleyan Univ. —

I appreciate the spiritual insight as well as the literary skill every where manifest throughout the work.

BISHOP J. S. MILLS, Annville, Pa. —

Its poetry is harmonious and pleasant to both eye and ear. Its theme is of perennial interest, and can never weary the sons of men. Its sentiment is sublime, and the creative imagination displayed is of a high order, and clothed in beautiful language.

No one can read it without being made a better man or a better woman. I wish for it a wide circulation.

ISABEL AMBLER GILMAN, Author of *The Light of Reason*, *Echoes from the Grange*, Etc. —

It is beyond anything I have read of present age productions and the beauty of it thrills me through and through.

DR. A. L. REYNOLDS, Sabina, Ohio —

Translates life into larger, loftier terms and gives to love and labor immortal meaning and eternal destiny. A noble conception with fine poetic treatment, creative and quickening throughout.

DR. G. E. McMANIMAN, West Lafayette, Ohio —

I believe its mission to be like unto that of "Liberty Enlightening the World" and bid it Godspeed on that mission.

GEORGE K. SHARP, Springfield, Ohio —

Surely every one who reads the book will be better for so doing, and as I reread and study it I shall get closer and closer to the longing and sympathetic heart, and learn to know more and more of His patience and love in the tremendous task of leading His children up to a better comprehension of their sphere.

VICTOR H. GORSLINE, M. D., Columbus, Ohio —

A triumph in religious literature.

REV. C. E. BYRER, Columbus, Ohio —

Fine and original in conception and surpassingly rich in literary expression. It is sure to be a very great inspiration to many.

O. L. FOSTER, Attorney, Toledo, Ohio —

It is a magnificent work, great, sublime. It rings true and good and is beautiful.

DR. J. C. JACKSON, Portsmouth, Ohio —

This book does more to reconcile the "conflict between science and theology" than all the literalists have ever done. Here science and scripture meet together and faith and knowledge embrace each other. I covet for it a world-wide reading.

NEW YORK SUN —

It is gratifying to find in this twentieth century gentlemen who will devote themselves to constructing epic poems on solemn subjects in twelve cantos of blank verse. In "The Divine Man" Mr. Joseph Ware advocates "the truth in love." He has the right swing to his verse.

SOUTHERN STAR, Atlanta —

This is indeed a poetical work of the highest order. Reviewers have pronounced this book one of the most valuable of its kind that has ever been written. No library would be complete without it and every one who can afford to do so should secure a copy.

PROF. C. C. KOHL, New York —

"The Divine Man" exalts the sweetness, beauty and Rationality of the Christian conception of life. There is quiet dignity in the expression and an inspiring optimism in the thought. It gives a man courage to struggle against the material and for the spiritual; because upon man it places most of the responsibility of making a perfect life, and within man the glory and joy after attaining it.

OLIVE E. WESTON, Chicago —

I am impressed with the fact that the writer must have seen visions as did the prophets, and that the clear light of truth must have illumined his mind.

REV. C. L. DAUGHERTY, Pittsburg —

For originality of plot, expression and thought it has no equal. The author has entered a new field and given the world new thoughts that I believe will shape the religious thinking in the future.



## THE MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Detroit —

Here is a great poem. While the versification and poetic conceptions and expressions are of a high order, the sweep of thought, the framework of plan, the beauty of sentiment and sweetness of teaching make its reading a matter of inspiration and joy. The author rises to an atmosphere above the theological, and breathes sentiments of adoration, nobleness and love. It is in accord with what is termed the advanced thought of the day, and puts the emphasis of religious thought on the moral and spiritual condition of the individual. One will feel, after a half hour's perusal of its lines, like living better and nobler, and will have a stronger faith that life is worth living.

## DR. F. T. TAGG, Baltimore —

It has many passages that come to the soul like the notes of a sweet and tender song.

## THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, Boston —

The author finds the story to be one of evolution, culminating in the Christ, not the Christ of the Creeds, but of a perfected and deified humanity. The human race will through the Christ spirit be raised above earthly limitations and heaven will be wherever man is, and love the master spirit of all. Through the example and teaching of the Divine Man the common life of man is to begin its new career, in which the spiritual is to be the normal state and love shall be the motive of all action.

## DR. J. F. MCCULLOCH, Greensboro, N. C. —

The announcement of a new epic poem in this unpoetic age is somewhat startling. Unquestionably it is a remarkable book. It is a work that must attract attention and we presume it will be widely read and much discussed.

## DR. HUGH L. ELDERDICE, Pres. Westminster Theological Seminary —

The spirit of this Epic can not be too highly endorsed. As to literary form, it is blank verse. Joseph Ware is not a destructive critic. The aim is to construct. If he pulls down the false temple it is only that he may rear the true for the glory of God. As to the plot, it must be admitted that it is original in conception, symmetrically developed, adorned with simile, metaphor, allegory and apostrophe, and culminates in a climax of highest optimism.

THE NEW CHURCH REVIEW, Boston—

"The Divine Man" is a work of high excellence and great power. It deserves to rank among the masterpieces of epic poetry. The beauty and depth of its conception and diction must be universally admired. Unfortunately, we are afraid, it has not fallen upon congenial soil. The spirit of calm contemplation seems to have lost its hold upon the age in which we live, and the whirl of restless pressure has taken its place. Few only possess the ability to enjoy quiet leisure. The meditative mind needed to read a long epic and to appreciate its treasures of poetic sentiment and inspiring thought, is now rarely found. But to all of a sufficiently serene disposition, "The Divine Man" must possess a strongly attractive power. The poem complies with all the demands which are generally made upon an epic.

The story of a great and completed life is told, interwoven with events which have influenced and moulded that life, and glimpses of the concurrent historic period are obtained. The interest also centres in one predominant figure, that of the Divine Man, the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It would be impossible to conceive a more sublime subject for an epic. We are informed in the preface that the argument is founded upon the transfiguration of the Lord before Peter and John and James. In reality the poet has gone far beyond this wonderful revelation of the Lord's nature when He was seen in His divinity as the divine truth, or the Word in its glory. Frequent use has been made of poetic license, and many scenes and utterances are presented to the reader which do not occur in Scripture, but are purely imaginative.

It must, however, be acknowledged that these poetic interludes are in harmony with what is revealed. Whenever fanciful pictures are drawn they are full of reverence and devotion. Many collateral topics are also introduced. They embrace scenes from every part of the Bible and add considerably to the length of the epic, but they also make it bright and full of poetic colour. The central figure of the Divine Man ever stands out as the perfect embodiment of all that is good and true in heaven and on earth. We hope that the grandeur of the epic will counteract the tendency to lay poetry aside unread, and will secure for it many interested readers.

## UNDER THE STARS.

The great usurping sun hath gone,  
The tardy moon not risen yet,  
A firmament of stars alone  
Above the silent earth is set.

On wings of thought my spirit flies,  
A higher, wider, vision gains,  
Breaks through the seeming vaulted skies  
Into unending ether plains.

The stars burst into dazzling suns,  
Each has a world field of its own,  
Guided by love its circuit runs,  
The law of the eternal throne.

Of this the old astrology  
Dreamed not, and yet believed  
That man and star in destiny  
Were one — nor greatly was deceived.

For in this higher knowledge gained  
The soul grows equal to the star.  
Although its light be not attained  
In thought can travel quite as far.

And greater still can comprehend  
A little of the Infinite;  
Aye, love this Father and this Friend  
Who is the very source of light.

Even the star-mist may be bright  
Enormous suns, as God may see  
Them blazing in their dazzling light;  
Yet others brighter seem to me.

So God looks on the human soul,  
The little ones of earth may be  
The brightest, and may roll  
In the splendors of eternity.

Would it be wise in God to make  
My soul of like capacity,  
Then in a futile day to take  
It back so very wantonly.

He fits the means unto the end,  
Great things are for great purposes;  
Therefore the human soul must spend  
Eternity to Him express.

If thou should'st faint and fall,  
O star, and lose thine honored place  
In this high-arching heaven and all,  
And thou shouldst leave an empty space;

My godlike soul must ever live,  
And nevermore shall older grow,  
But shall to God its glory give,  
And His eternal purpose show.

### EVOLUTION.

No part of space is destitute of life;  
Higher existence is from matter free.  
The solid spheres with lowest forms are rife;  
Here ether forms only begin to be.

Closed in a rough and sordid shell  
The soul's amebula doth dwell,  
Until with bright expanding wings  
Into the universe of light it springs.

Aeons of forms and growth are in my life.  
Beginning at the single cell were these;  
Times of world turbulence and awful strife,  
When continental waves swept shoreless seas,  
Huge-bellied and misshapen things  
Winnnow the air with murky wings,  
Mountains are from their moorings torn;  
Out of such stress humanity is born.

The ardent sun begets the higher form;  
On mother earth her many children feed;  
In death to higher natures we are born,  
And from our nursing mother's breast are torn.  
In realms of higher energy,  
Through cycles of eternity  
We pass, sometime they will be passed,  
Existence will be free and pure at last.

### THE SADDEST CRY.

#### I.

Three crosses mar the lurid gloom,  
They out of dark Golgotha rise.  
The Son of Man receives his doom;

Around his head the halo dies.  
Hear the heart broken Savior's wailing cry.  
"Eli? Eli? Lama Sabachthani?"

## II.

Why, O why, is no relief?  
Hell has its hour of triumph now.  
Alone he bears the awful grief,  
The halo dies around his brow.  
Savior, why utter the heart breaking cry?  
"Eli? Eli? Lama Sabachthani?"

## III.

The question is not his but mine,  
He only suffers in my stead;  
O Savior, what a love is thine,  
To take my sorrows on thy head.  
Such might have been my fearful, anguished cry.  
"Eli? Eli? Lama Sabachthani?"

## IV.

Springs from the darkest hour of night  
The happy morn of gladdest ray,  
So from this darkness comes a light,  
The glory of eternal day,  
In which we ever will rejoice with HIM.  
ELIAKIM! ELIAKIM! ELIAKIM!

## COMMUNION.

Slowly the clock strikes twelve with solemn din —  
And all is still — from earthly sense shut in,  
Alone I am with one I fain would know.  
And whence I am, or who, or where I go,  
I cannot think. Softly I breathe, to hear  
The faintest whispers of the spirits near.  
And if my heart is pure I have the sight,  
The presence of the Spirit Infinite.  
In sweet communion thoughts are borne to me  
As precious incense from eternity.  
A little of his glory I can see,  
The sweetest heaven whatever that may be.  
I raise my hand the flood of joy to stay.  
What must his glory be if one small ray  
So fill my sordid world with dazzling light.  
In that eternal day that knows no night  
Joy of his presence shall be like to this,  
Only an ocean of supernal bliss.



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# The Voyager

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